Whereon I doe beſeech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my ſelfe.
Deſ. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Deſdemona*, I'le come to thee ſtraight.
Deſ. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exeunt* Deſ. *and* Em.
Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my ſoule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. What doeſt thou ſay *Iago?*
Iag. Did *Michael Caſsio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your loue?
Oth. He did from firſt to laſt: —Why doeſt thou aske?
Iag. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago?*
Iag. I did not thinke he had been aquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went between vs very oft.
Iag. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed, deſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iag. Honeſt my Lord? *Oth.* Honeſt? I honeſt.
Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doeſt thou thinke?
Iag. Thinke my Lord?
Oth. Thinke my Lord? why doſt thou ecchoe me,
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhowne: Thou doſt meane ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, thou lik'ſt not that,
When *Caſsio* left my wife: what didſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſell,
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cridſt indeed?
And didſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut vp in thy braine,
Some horrible conceit: If thou doeſt loue me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iag. My Lord you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou doeſt,
And for I know, thou art full of loue and honeſty,
And weigheſt thy words, before thou giu'ſt 'em breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more;
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyall knaue,
Are tricks of cuſtome; but in a man that's iuſt,
They are cloſe dilations, working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iag. For *Michael Caſsio*,
I dare be ſworne, I thinke that he is honeſt.
Oth. I thinke ſo too.
Iag. Men ſhould be what they ſeeme,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men ſhould be what they ſeeme.
Iag. Why then I thinke *Caſsio's* an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this,
I prethee ſpeake to me, as to thy thinkings.
As thou doeſt ruminate, and giue thy worſt of thoughts,
The worſt of words.
Iag. Good my Lord pardon me;
Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaues are free to,
Vtter my thoughts: Why, ſay they are vile and falſe:
As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome vncleanly apprehenſions,
Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in ſeſsion ſit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend *Iago*,
If thou but thinkeſt him wrongd, and makeſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iag. I doe beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gheſſe,
(As I confeſſe it is my natures plague,
To ſpy into abuſes, and oft my iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not:) that your wiſedome yet,
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble,

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